

THINK YOU'VE HAD IT HARD? THINK YOU'VE ABSORBED MORE THAN YOUR SHARE OF LIFE'S BLOWS? READER, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET. BEFORE YOU'RE FINISHED WITH THIS STORY, WE GUARANTEE YOU ONE (1) FRACTURED GULPER, TWO (2) GLAZED EYEBALLS, FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN (413) GOOSE PIMPLES WE WOULDN'T EVEN WISH ON A GOOSE AND HYSTERICS LIKE A PIXILLATED BEATLE-NUTTY YOU SEE, YOU'RE GOING TO MEET UP WITH—

A CAVEMAN NAMED HERBIE!

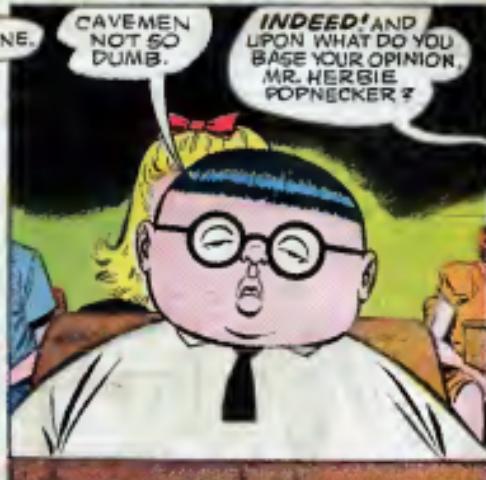
STORY:- SHANE
O'SHEA
ART:- OGDEN
WHITNEY

THIS CLASS IS A CAVEMAN. CAVEMEN WERE CHARACTERIZED BY STUPIDITY, LACK OF INTELLIGENCE AND GENERAL DOPINESS. I'M SURE NOBODY CAN DISAGREE WITH THAT.

I DISAGREE,
MISS MARLEYBONE.

CAVEMEN
NOT SO DUMB.

INDEED! AND
UPON WHAT DO YOU
BASE YOUR OPINION,
MR. HERBIE
POPNECKER?



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NOT SO DUMB
BECAUSE (1) NO
ZIPPERS TO JAM.
(2) NO TIGHT
UNDERSHORTS.
(3) NO TELEVISION.
(4) NO TAXES.
(5) NO SCHOOL!

WELL! SCHOOL IS
CLOSING FOR THE
CHRISTMAS RECESS
---BUT AS SOON AS IT
OPENING AGAIN, I'LL
GIVE YOU YOUR
OPPORTUNITY TO
PROVE THAT CAVEMEN
ARE REALLY SMART
OR APOLOGIZE
TO ME!

BACK AT HOME...

GOT SOMETHING
VERY SPECIAL IN
THE WAY OF A
CHRISTMAS GIFT
FOR YOU, SON.

LOLLIPOPS?



NO, NOT LOLLIPOPS. I'M
LEAVING FOR HOLLYWOOD
TO TRY TO SELL A BIG
ORDER OF LUMBER TO
MIRACLE PICTURES
---AND I'VE DECIDED
TO TAKE YOU, AFTER
ALL, NEVER TOO
EARLY FOR A BOY
TO LEARN ABOUT
BUSINESS.

BUSINESS-
SCHMISNESS.
I'LL GO PACK
MY GRIP.

WHEN YOU WANT
TO SELL A PROSPECT,
HERBIE, YOU POP IT TO
HIM... USE YOUR MOUTH.
HE'LL THINK YOU'RE
DOING HIM A FAVOR.
---**HERBIE!** ARE
YOU LISTENING?
WHAT DID I
SAY?

YOU SAID
PUT THE
LOLLIPOP IN
YOUR MOUTH
... ANY
FLAVOR.

OH,
NEVER
MIND!



HOLLYWOOD...



NOW REMEMBER,
DON'T LET ALL THIS
HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR
TURN YOUR HEAD,
HAVE BALANCE,
RESTRAINT---JUST
LIKE I HAVE.



BUT WHAT DAD DIDN'T SEE,
A MOMENT LATER—

IT'S SO WONDERFUL OF
YOU TO GIVE ME YOUR
AUTOGRAPH, HERBIE.
YOU DREAMBOAT,
YOU!

THOSE ARE AUTHENTIC
WARBUTI TRIBESMEN,
BROUGHT OVER FROM
DEEPEST AFRICA JUST
FOR THAT PICTURE THEY'RE
SHOOTING. LOOK
AT THEM!

LOOKUM
HERBIE!

I'VE GOT A DATE WITH MR.
BIBBLESNICKER, THE PRODUCER
—PICK ME UP IN HIS OFFICE IN
HALF AN HOUR. YOU CAN LOOK
AROUND, BUT DON'T
ANNOY ANYONE.

GO AHEAD,
GREG... KISS
HER! WHAT
ARE YOU
WAITING
FOR?

CONFOUND IT, I DON'T
QUITE GET THE FEELING
FOR THIS SCENE. THERE'S
SOMETHING MISSING...

HERBIE POPNECKER!
IF ANYONE COULD SHOW
ME THE BEST WAY OF
HANDLING THIS SCENE,
IT'S YOU!

IF I'VE
GOT TO,
OKAY...

AND SO HERBIE TOOK GREGORY PECK'S PLACE...

!!!



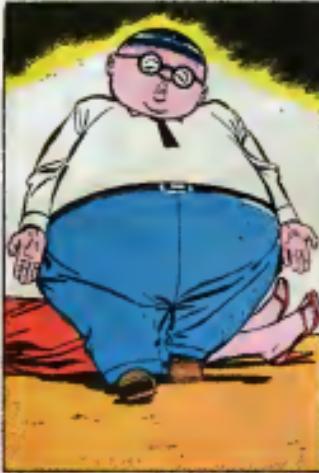
AH-HHHHHHHH!



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE MR. BIBBLESNICKER SIGN THE BIGGEST ORDER I EVER GOT IN MY LIFE, HERBIE!

YOUR LITTLE SON? PERHAPS HE WOULD LIKE TO WATCH ONE OF OUR PICTURES BEING SHOT?

LET'S SEE--- RIGHT NOW WE'RE SHOOTING A LOVE PICTURE---A JUNGLE STORY---A WESTERN--- AND A CAVEMAN PICTURE, WITH THAT NEW ENGLISH STAR, TRELAWNEY HAMBONE.



IT WAS A GREAT CHANCE TO FIND OUT THINGS ABOUT CAVEMEN THAT WOULD HELP HIM IN HIS ARGUMENT WITH MISS MARLEYBONE, HIS TEACHER. SO...

THERE'S HAMBONE NOW. HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CHARACTERIZATION HE'S GIVING THE CAVEMAN ROLE?

STINKS.



WHAT?! YOU DARE SAY THAT THE GREAT HAMBONE STINKS?

NOT AUTHENTIC. CAVEMEN NEVER WORE MONOCLES. DIDN'T HAVE GREASY KID STUFF ON HAIR...



BAW! I WON'T EVEN MAKE THIS P-PICTURE UNLESS YOU APOLOGIZE TO ME!

EVERYONE WANTS ME TO APOLOGIZE, WON'T DO IT, NOT WHEN I'M RIGHT.



DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING OF YOURS HAS DONE TO OUR SHOOTING SCHEDULE? JUST FOR THAT... I'M CANCELLING THE ORDER I GAVE YOU!

B-BUT MR. BIBBLESNIKER ---THAT'S NOT FAIR---



...AND WHEN YOUR SON PROVES THAT HAM BONE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A REAL CAVEMAN, I'LL REINSTATE THAT ORDER--BUT NOT BEFORE, SEE?

YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME--YOU--YOU...

NOW I'VE GOT A DOUBLE JOB FIRST, PROVE TO MR. BIBBLESNIKER THAT HAM BONE'S CAVEMAN MAKE-UP WAS AWFUL--SECOND, PROVE THAT CAVEMEN HAD BRAINS FOR MISS MARLEYBONE, MY TEACHER.



AND SO, AT HOME...

LOLLIPOPS
SPECIAL PURPOSE

ONLY ONE WAY--GO BACK TO CAVEMAN TIME AND FIND OUR REAL ANSWERS FOR MYSELF.







TCH, TCH, THESE
CAVE PEOPLE
SURE ARE
UGLY!



NOW
WHAT?

THE DINOSAURS WERE TRYING TO GET AT
THE CAVEMEN... WHO WERE HOLDING THEM
OFF BY ROLLING HUGE ROCKS DOWN THE
SLOPE...

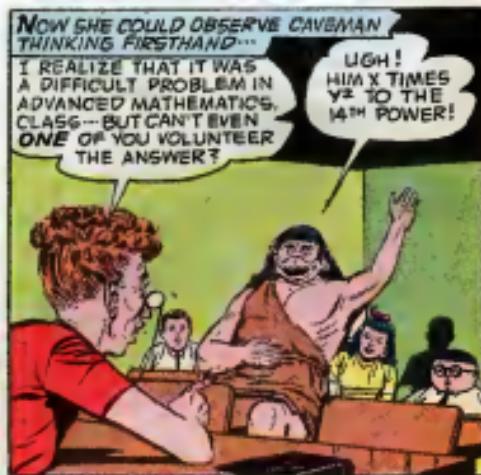
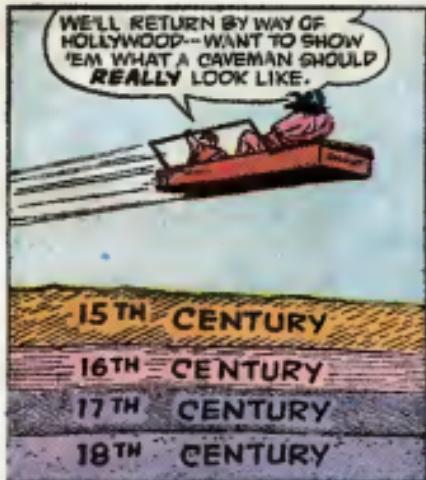
BAM!

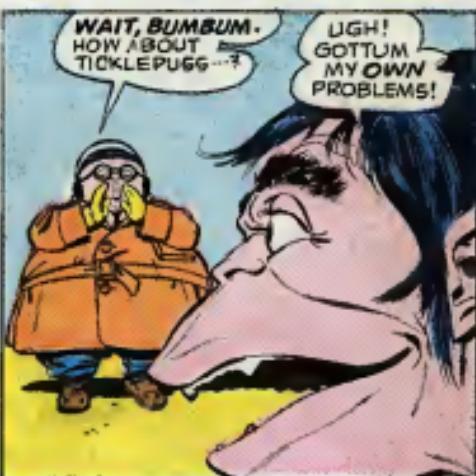
THE DINOSAURS RETIRED TEMPORARILY... FOR
A COUNCIL OF WAR...

OH,
OKAY.









HERE'S HERBIE!



Okay. Like it says up above, I'm here. Wanna make something out of it? Don't know why I bother with you people anyway. All you do is buy my magazine. Way I figure, you're lucky to get it. Where else you gonna find stories like "A Caveman Named Herbie"? Nowhere, that's where—and the character who just whispered "Thank gosh" is due for a good bopping from this here lollipop. Great story, that caveman jazz...except I still get nightmares about that Ticklepuss dame. Funny thang...something familiar about her, as if I've seen that face somewhere before. But where? Any of you fans help me out?

Talk about "Space-Age Herbie" now. Another yarn too good for you readers. Don't know why I do so much for you anyway. Russia and America in big hassle shoot who gets no moon firar-me, I don't bother with cockamamie moon. Take you right up to Planer Percival oon-stop. No dopey science-fiction, but real McCoy. True.

Want to know which of these yarns you like better. Write and tell me. If you don't, better leave instructions as to where you want body sent. While you're at it, might like to enter extra-special contest I'm holding. Ever written story for comics? You're going to now. Not hard. All you have to do is send in general idea of story you'd like me to star in. Tell me what I do, what happens and I'll do the rest. Best story idea received will be written by Shane O'Shea, drawn by Ogden Whitney—and will be published under winner's name. Second prize, autographed picture of me, inscribed to winner personally, plus one (1) special Herbie Popnecker Lollipop. Third prize, original manuscript of "A Caveman Named Herbie", my autograph and one (1) regulation Herbie Popnecker Lollipop. And to the five (5) next winners, a year's subscription each to "Herbie"—

greatest magazine ever published!"

Expecting to hear from you. Send your letter to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Either get your letter by return mail or you get clobbered. Hint to idiots not sending letters—have bandages, splints, tourniquets ready. Can have your own choice of doctor and hospital, suggest making out will at once. Easier to send letter!

Will publish interesting letters whenever space allows. Like these:

"Dear Herbie:

What this country needs is a real leader. A real strong man who's afraid of nothing. A man who can tell Khrushchev and Castro where to get off, who can lick dragons single-handed and take on crooks by the hundreds. Why haven't you stepped forward? Who needs Goldwater, anyway?

—Republican National Committee,
Washington, D. C."

Wise guy. Letter comes from Elyria, Ohio—don't believe it's Republican National Committee at all. But whoever wrote it has got something at that. Herbie Popnecker can tell anybody off. Can lick Goldwater, dinosaurs, Republicans, Democrats and you too. May decide to run for President no matter who gets nominated. Make wonderful President. President Popnecker...even sounds wonderful. Me as President, everybody gets bopped with this here lollipop.

"Dear Editor:

I sincerely think that 'Herbie' is the kookiest comic book character yet. How you ever come up with such riotous plots is beyond me. I buy few comics—but I will follow 'Herbie' to the end!

—Dan Murphy,
112 Cedar Park Lane,
Anaconda, Montana





Another one of these characters. What's this "Dear Editor" jazz? "Dear Herbie", that's how it should be. Why bother with the small fry, when you can go right to the top? Also, don't like being overlooked. Taking careful note of you, Murphy. Step out of line just once more and I take little trip out to Anaconda, Montana. Bloodshed, Mayhem. Second thought, cut out the mayhem and make it just bloodshed. After all, said nice things about me.

"Dear Herbie:

I am a fan of 'Herbie' comics. I would like to know if you would start publishing a 'Herbie' annual. I think it's a good idea—how about you other fans?

—Harold Willeman, Jr.,

6 SunsetTerr., Feeding Hills, Mass.
These fans. Always want something. After you night and day. Here I just start this magazine. Think they'd be grateful, but oh, no. After you every second. "Want more Herbie stories." "Want you to publish more often." "Want a Herbie annual." See what I'm up against? Look, Harold—let's face it, I'm fat. Very fat. Get out of breath easy. All the adventures I have, I'm panting. Let me catch breath, hub? Little rest and I can look around. Can decide about the annual then.

"Dear Herbie:

I want you to know that you're my favorite comic book character, and that's saying a lot, since I've read thousands of comics. But I've never met a hero like you. The others can lick armies, champions and whole planets—but Herbie can lick them! Yeah, pal, I've never seen a hero like you, but I said that before, didn't I? Let the others be broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted and seven feet high—I cast my vote for a Little Fat Nothing who stands three by three and packs pure blubber in every inch of id! Now, let's take Comics Hero "A", "B", "C", "D", etc., all the way down the line. "A" gets his power from electricity—"B" gets his power from atomic fission—"C" gets his from some alien planet—"D" loads up on irradiated sun atoms. That explains them. But now let's

take a look at the great 'Herbie'. He's got powers he hasn't even used yet, and where does he get them? None of your business, pal. He's just got 'em and you can butt out, see? Does Macy's tell Gimbel's? Yes, that's why I love you, Herbie. There's no malarkey about you. We've got to take you the way you are—and laugh ourselves sick. I'll settle for that any day—and thanks!

—H. Katz,

69 West 225th St., New York, N. Y.
Like this guy. Knows what score is. May send him honorary lollipop. Right about a lot of things. Which is why I hereby send out general challenge. Will meet any comic character in field with one hand tied behind me. Matter of fact, willing to do better than that. Will meet all tough characters from other books together, take them on—with both hands tied behind me and head in a bag. Any takers?

"Dear Editor:

I have been reading comics for as long as I can remember and never have I seen such a super hero as Herbie. He is the worst thing I have ever seen. Herbie's just a Fat Little Nothing with a lollipop stuck in his stupid-looking face. In closing, I have one thing to say—down with Herbie!

—Joe Kramer,

11826 Des Moines Way,
Seattle, Wash."

Sort of letter I like to get. Why? Because I need good workout, that's why. Good work-out consists of: (1) Trip through air under my own power to Seattle, Washington. (2) Down Joe Kramer's chimney like extra-fat Santa Claus. (3) Make miscement out of Joe Kramer, bopping him fore and aft with lollipops in 16 delicious flavors. But on second thought, won't Joe Kramer exonerated on grounds of complete insanity.

"Dear Herbie:

Wow! Wow! Wow! There never was anyone like you. You're the greatest!

—Cookie Dimesa,

250 East 176th St., New York, N. Y."

You're right, of course, Cookie.



NELLIE NO-DATE



THIS BUSINESS WOULD KEEP HIM IN TOWN
UNTIL THE TIME FOR THE PARTY...

JUST LOOK AT THAT
GORGEOUS HUNK OF
MAN ... WOW! I
WONDER WHO HE
CAN BE?

I CAN TELL YOU
THAT, ALICE, HIS
NAME'S DAVE
DREAMBOAT--AND
HE'S TAKING ME TO THE
VANDEVERE PARTY! I'VE
GOT A DATE
AT LAST!

THAT WAS NELLIE'S BIG MISTAKE--AS A
PHONE CALL THE FOLLOWING NIGHT
SHOWED HER...

THIS IS ALICE
KOLDHEART, NELLIE. I
REMEMBERED WHAT YOU'D
SAID ABOUT NOT REALLY
WANTING TO GO TO THE
PARTY AND HAVING A
BETTER TIME **NOT**
GOING--SO I THOUGHT
I'D HELP YOU OUT.

I MANAGED
TO MEET THIS
DAVE DREAMBOAT--
AND--WELL--
IT LOOKS LIKE
HE'S TAKING **ME**
TO IT INSTEAD!

...AND FURTHERMORE
YOU'RE A WART, A
NO-GOOD, MISERABLE,
DATE-BREAKING...

I'M SORRY,
NELLIE--ALICE
JUST TALKED
ME INTO IT. ANY-
WAY, I'M NOT
GOING TO HAVE A
VERY GOOD TIME...
THIS PAIN I HAVE
AROUND MY
FACE...

THIS WAS THE PARTY...



--AND THIS WAS THE RESULT!

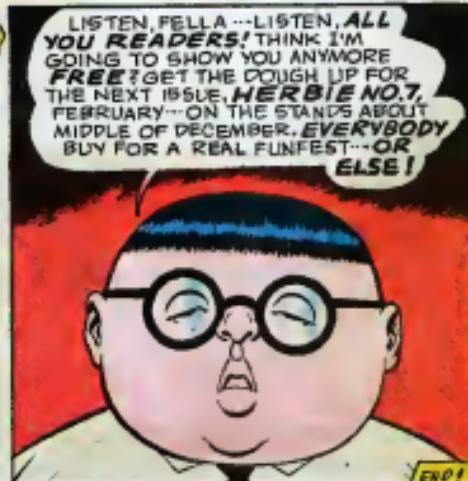
DAILY HERALD

ALMOST WHOLE TOWN LAID
UP WITH THE 'MUMPS'
SOURCE OF INFECTION TRACED
TO OUT-OF-TOWNER, DAVE DREAMBOAT,
ATTENDING MRS. VANDEVERE'S
PARTY

LIKE I SAID... I HAD
A MUCH BETTER TIME
NOT GOING TO THAT
OLD PARTY,
ALICE!



COMING UP!



SOME FOLKS DOUBT THAT WE'LL REACH THE MOON IN OUR LIFETIME. AS FOR THE STARS, THEY SAY... JUST IMPOSSIBLE! MAYBE THAT'S TRUE FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE... BUT NOT FOR A CERTAIN FAT FURY THAT WE KNOW. CLEAR THE WAY FOR A FAST BLAST-OFF... IT'S...

SPACE AGE HERBIE!

STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY



EVERYBODY WANTS TO RISE IN THE WORLD --THAT'S WHY I'VE GONE INTO THIS NEW BUSINESS. MANUFACTURING BALLOONS ---WHY, THERE'S NO COMPETITION. I'M TELLING YOU, I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE!

OH, I DO HOPE IT GOES WELL. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE INVESTED YOUR LAST CENT IN IT... AND IF IT DOESN'T GO, WE DON'T EAT!

WELL, THERE WAS ONE TROUBLE WITH THE NEW BUSINESS... IT WOULDN'T GET OFF THE GROUND...

JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY NOBODY WILL BUY THEM. THIS IS THE SPACE AGE--PEOPLE SHOULD BE CRAZY ABOUT GOING UP IN BALLOONS!



YOUR BALLOONS WON'T GO UP. MAYBE THAT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, HERBIE? HANG IT, OTHER BOYS DO SOMETHING TO HELP THEIR FATHERS ... BUT ALL YOU DO IS SLEEP AND EAT! YOU DON'T CARE THAT WE'RE APPROACHING STARVATION!

BUT HERBIE DID CARE— YOU SEE, HE TOOK A MIGHTY DIM VIEW OF STARVATION ...

GOT TO GET JOB
...SAVE MONEY
FOR DAD...

DR. DIMWIT THE SCIENTIST NEEDS AN ASSISTANT AT ONCE. APPLY WITHIN

BE BIG HELP.
GET ME ON
JOB, YOU CAN
RETIRE.

SORRY, BUT
YOU WON'T DO.
YOU'RE TOO
YOUNG.

SO HERBIE LEFT...ONLY TO RETURN...

BE BIG HELP.
GET ME ON
JOB, YOU CAN
RETIRE.

SORRY, BUT
YOU WON'T DO.
YOU'RE TOO
OLD.

HOPE HE
DIDN'T NOTICE
I TOOK THIS
PHOTO...

AND WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS...IN AGAIN!

BE BIG HELP.
GET ME ON
JOB, YOU CAN
RETIRE.

WHY, YOU'RE
JUST THE TYPE
OF MAN I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR.
YOU'RE
HIRED!

COME ALONG, I
CAN'T WAIT TO SHOW
YOU THE PLANET I'VE
DISCOVERED!



THERE—SEE IT?
I THINK I'LL CALL
IT THE PLANET
PERCIVAL!
YESSIR...

THIS IS THE
PLANET
PERCIVAL

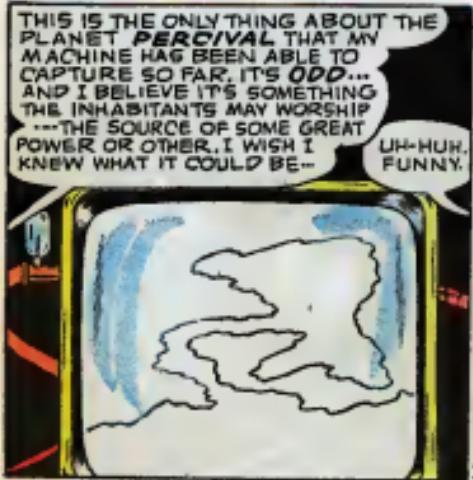


COME ALONG.
I CAN'T WAIT TO
SHOW YOU THE
MACHINE I'VE
INVENTED!

THERE—
SEE IT?
IT CAN
SHOW YOU
THE DETAILS
ABOUT THE
PLANETS I
DISCOVER.
WATCH...



HERE GOES
...MY, BUT YOU'RE
UGLY, AREN'T
YOU?

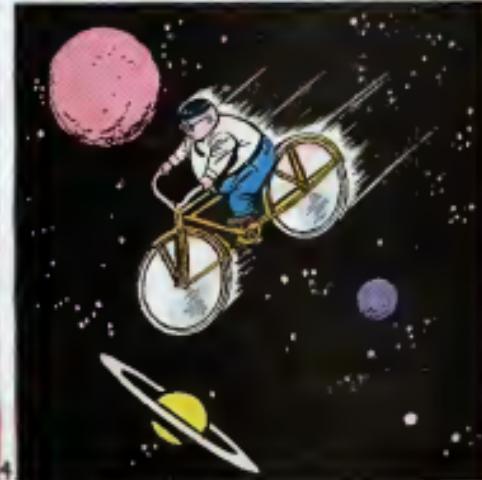
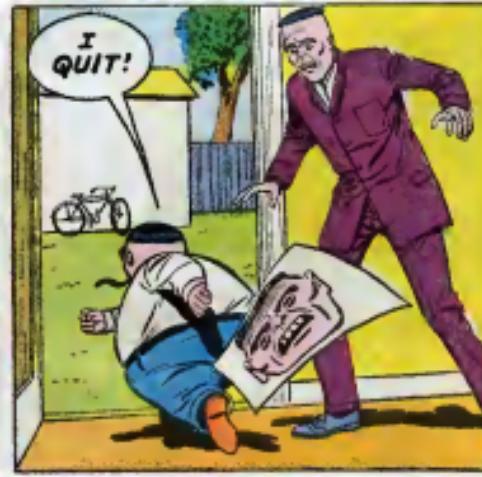
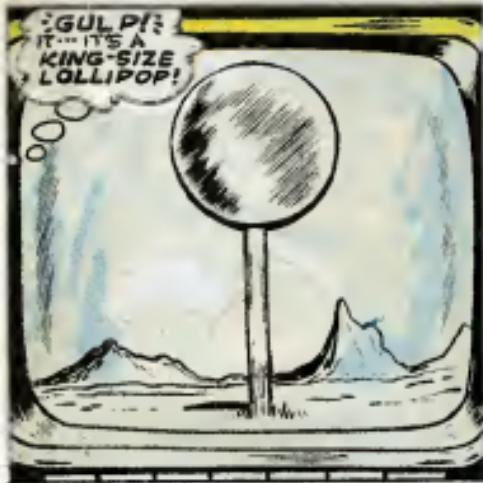


THIS IS THE ONLY THING ABOUT THE
PLANET **PERCIVAL** THAT MY
MACHINE HAS BEEN ABLE TO
CAPTURE SO FAR. IT'S **ODD**...
AND I BELIEVE IT'S SOMETHING
THE INHABITANTS MAY WORSHIP
---THE SOURCE OF SOME GREAT
POWER OR OTHER. I WISH I
KNEW WHAT IT COULD BE—

UH-HUH,
FUNNY.



STAY THERE
---I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK.



HERBIE GOT A FLAT TIRE IN THE MILKY WAY--SO--

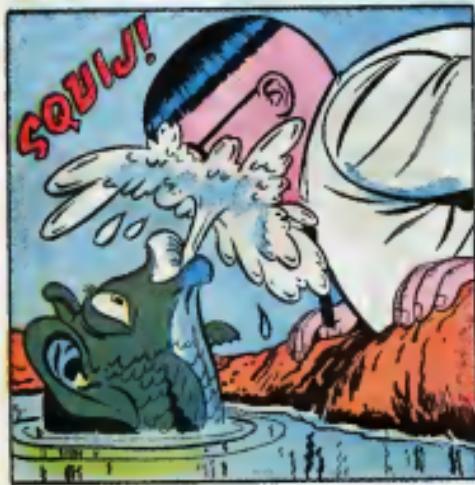
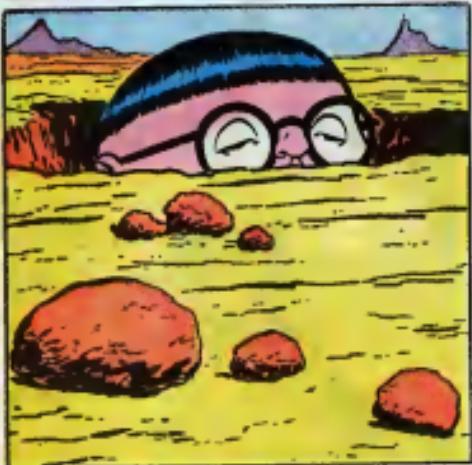


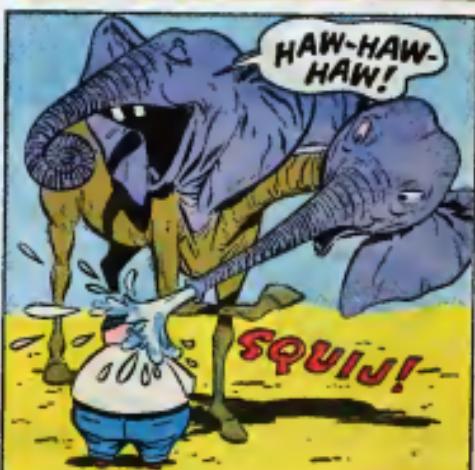
BUT THAT WAS A BIT SLOW, SO HE TRANSFERRED TO A PASSING COMET--



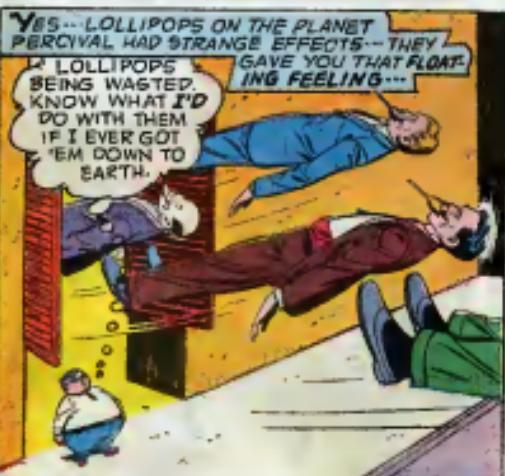
AND WHEN THAT TURNED OFF--











YEE-OWW!



ONE FOR YOU
...AND ONE
FOR YOU...



WELL, WHAT
DO YOU
KNOW!
POP!



NOW, INSTEAD OF ROADS CROWDED
LIKE THIS...



WE HAVE SKIES... CROWDED
LIKE THIS!



THINGS WERE BAD
AT THE START, TRUE...
BUT WAS I DISCOURAGED?
NO... BECAUSE I HAVE
BRAINS...



...THE BRAINS TO
BUILD A GREAT BALLOON!
NOW IF YOU'D ONLY FOLLOW
MY EXAMPLE, YOU COULD
BE SOMEBODY... INSTEAD
OF JUST A LITTLE FAT
NOTHING!



The
END!

GIVE ME JUST ONE EVENING and I'LL TEACH YOU TO HYPNOTIZE EASILY!



Hypnotize others quickly, easily---perform
HYPNOTIC FEATS with EASE! Amaze friends!
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Simple Technique

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THE POST-HYPNOTIC
• SUGGESTION

HOW TO DEVELOP NEW
PERSONALITY

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HYPNOTIZE YOURSELF

THE CENTER OF
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HOW TO ENTERTAIN

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